

THE SUGAR BOWL

Pilot

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EST./EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY/MORNING

Atop the Hollywood Hills, a beautiful view.

A CHYRON floats over our view:

"In revenge and in love, woman is more barbarous than man..."

EXT. EXPENSIVE HOME - MORNING

We HEAR SEX happening.

INT. EXPENSIVE HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A naked MAN makes love to a WOMAN. They kiss deeply and passionately; connected above and below.

LAILA

Jake! Oh my god!

They climax together and neither moves. Staying connected.

On her back is **LAILA ALFARSI**, 24, shaken not stirred with the finest Italian and Persian blood pedigree can buy. A Lucifer-like charm and presence few can resist. But she's also been known to search for her misplaced phone while holding it.

Atop her is **JAKE**, 40, handsome, fit and successful.

They hold each other as they catch their breath.

LAILA (CONT'D)

(Jesus)

Fuck...

JAKE

(Christ)

Yeah...

LAILA

The best.

JAKE

You are.

LAILA

(smiles)

You are.

They kiss lovingly.

JAKE
Brunch?

LAILA
And...?

JAKE
Yes, of course "*and.*" Anything,
anywhere you want. No bags though.
You have enough.

She smiles and kisses him.

LAILA
I love "*and.*"

JAKE
But first... I must dress in proper
attire.

LAILA
No.

JAKE
Yes.

LAILA
Please no.

He hops out of bed naked and throws on a tight t-shirt. He turns and stands there awkwardly - naked in nothing but the tight t-shirt.

LAILA (CONT'D)
No! Gross!

He starts dancing and SINGING to the tune of Chris Farley's TOMMY BOY scene "Fat Guy in a Little Coat."

JAKE
*Naked guy in just a t-shirt.. Naked
guy in just a t-shirt...*

LAILA
No no no!

JAKE
*Naked guy in just a t-shirt.. Naked
guy in just a t-shirt--!*

LAILA
There's nothing grosser!

But he keeps it up and she laughs hysterically. Then he hops on her singing and laughing.

LAILA (CONT'D)
Put bottoms on! I don't care if
it's my underwear! Do it, DADDY!

JAKE
No! Do not call me that!

LAILA
Daddy-daddy-daddy--

He kisses her to shut her up. These two have chemistry.

JAKE
Spend the night again.

LAILA
Can't. I got the girls tonight.

JAKE
That blows.

LAILA
Does it...???

As her mouth disappears under the covers --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - RODEO DRIVE - DAY (LATER)

Her lip's on Jake's, as they kiss passionately on the street.

LAILA
Thank you, Jake.

JAKE
You're welcome, babe.

Kiss.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You are incredible, Laila. And
obnoxiously beautiful.

She laughs.

LAILA
(tender)
You are.

An intimate stare-down. He strokes her hair.

JAKE

If you get too drunk with your girlfriends tonight feel free to booty call me.

LAILA

If you're so lucky that I do *booty* you, I'm gonna treat you like a stranger.

He laughs. She smiles, kisses him.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Bye.

JAKE

Bye.

Their hands linger until their fingers can't reach.

She confidently and happily struts down the street wearing designer clothes and carrying a \$20,000 Berkin bag in one hand and a Louis Vuitton shopping bag in the other.

LAILA (V.O.)

My name is Laila Alfarsi, and I'm a lover of all things luxury, luscious and Louis.

Jake watches her every step.

LAILA (V.O.)

And I deserve a man who's got blood on his hands and the truth on his face.

Heads of all sexes break as Laila passes; energy infectious.

LAILA (V.O.)

Is Jake that man? Maybe...

A HOMELESS WOMAN sits on the sidewalk with a cup out and a sign reading: "Spare change for some crack and a handgun?"

LAILA (V.O.)

But I'm not worried about a man at this point in my life.

Laila drops a \$100 bill in the cup and keeps on struttin'.

EXT. LAILA'S WEST HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She enters.

LAILA (V.O.)
Because that's what it is right
now: My Life. And I want to live my
life - right now - as nothing less
than extraordinary.

INT. LAILA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Laila busts into the cramped, messy apartment with joy.

LAILA
Hey, baes!

Then trips and falls on her face.

LAILA (CONT'D)
What the--

A **GIRL'S LIFELESS BODY** lies unconscious on the floor.

LAILA (CONT'D)
Couldn't make it to your bed again,
Morgan?

Laila taps her with her foot.

LAILA (CONT'D)
Morgan, wake up. Morgan?

Laila shakes her.

LAILA (CONT'D)
Morgan?

Looks closer. Something familiar comes over her.

LAILA (CONT'D)
Morgan?!!

INT. LAILA'S APARTMENT - LATER

PARAMEDICS stretch a sleepy, but alive, **MORGAN KIM** (24, Asian-American, chic) out.

MORGAN
I'm sorry, Lai.

LAILA

Don't be sorry, Morg. Just get better.

MORGAN

Think I gotta put in my two weeks here.

LAILA

For sublet. Until you get healthy and then it'll be us 3 again.

MORGAN

My clothes are off limits to whoever whore you find to part-time replace me.

Laila laughs.

LAILA

Your English still sucks.

MORGAN

Tell Alyssa I love her--

ALYSSA (O.S.)

Morgan!

ALYSSA BARILOCHE runs in (24, an Argentine-American firecracker, switch blade wit slacker, loves grass and doing whatever the fuck she wants.)

MORGAN

Lyssa.

Alyssa hugs her.

ALYSSA

You stupid bitch, what'd you do?!

PARAMEDIC

Heroin.

ALYSSA

(to paramedic)

Who asked you, Doogie?

Zing.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(weeps in anger & alleviation)

Morgan. You know I hate that cunt.

MORGAN
She makes the sun shine in my soul.

ALYSSA
I thought we did.

MORGAN
You do.

ALYSSA
(to Paramedic)
How much Naloxone did it take?

PARAMEDIC
8 injections.

ALYSSA
Jesus, Morg.

MORGAN
Beat my old record.

Alyssa laughs. Then cries. Then laugh-cries. So does Laila.
And Morgan - as they puppy pile on her and laugh-cry.

PARAMEDIC
Ladies...

They un-hug. As they wheel Morgan out she SINGS a happy tune:

MORGAN
*I'm a wasted rock ranger / I live
the life of danger / smoking all
that crystal and cocaine...*

INT. LAILA & ALYSSA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Laila & Alyssa sit on the couch in their pajamas, drinking wine. The room and mood is dark.

LAILA
With a raise of the glass.. I
travel time.

She swills.

LAILA (CONT'D)
Today can kiss my ass.

ALYSSA
Today can lick my ass.

LAILA
Today can eat my ass.

ALYSSA
Today can fuck my ass.

Thoughtful beat.

LAILA
I used to really love days like
today.

They laugh, lightening the mood. Beat, as they chuckle down.

LAILA (CONT'D)
That's twice this year.

ALYSSA
We never shoulda let her move in.

LAILA
She wasn't ready.

ALYSSA
We never shoulda believed her
parents said it was ok.

Beat.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Should we call them?

LAILA
I already did. They're taking her
back to rehab tomorrow.

ALYSSA
I mean for rent..?

LAILA
Alyssa?

ALYSSA
I know, but--

LAILA
Their daughter just came back from
the dead.

ALYSSA
I know, Lai, but what the fuck are
we gonna do with a 3 bedroom
apartment in Los Angeles with only
two rent checks.

LAILA
I'll cover hers.

ALYSSA
For how long?

LAILA
However.

ALYSSA
You won't have to.

LAILA
You don't make enough to split the
difference.

ALYSSA
I can learn.

LAILA
No, it's fine. My drama is enough
for our home.

ALYSSA
Then good thing I thought ahead.

LAILA
You? Pfft.

ALYSSA
What?

LAILA
You thought ahead?

ALYSSA
Morgan wasn't gonna last, we knew
that.

LAILA
But there's nothing wrong with
thinking we wanted her to.

ALYSSA
Of course not. But still, I made an
arrangement.

LAILA
I told you not to sugar!

ALYSSA
Not that kind of arrangement,
hooker.

(MORE)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

My cousin's friend just moved here
and is looking for a place.

LAILA

Oh. Ok. Well, what's she like?

GIRLS VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Cocaine and cigarettes! Who's got
em?!

SMASH TO:

INT. LAILA & ALYSSA'S APARTMENT - DAY

COURTNEY VANOVER, 21, is a blonde, blue-eyed, trust fund
princess party girl; mongoose mean when cornered.

She gapes at the apartment as she rolls in a huge suitcase
and sucks up a huge coffee-latte-mocha-buckwheat-kale-espesso
from a straw. She drinks every beverage out of a straw.

COURTNEY

Oh my god! Not to be like whatever,
but like -- Oh my god!

Laila & Alyssa stand in shock.

ALYSSA

So I guess that's a 'yes'?

COURTNEY

Totally. If that's ok?

LAILA

Well--

COURTNEY

Not to be like whatever, but I'd be
super excited if I could just like
move in today-- Oh my god, too many
coconut waters-- I gotta squeeze a
lemon so fierce --

Courtney darts to the bathroom.

LAILA

(to Alyssa)

Today? Was that a question?

COURTNEY (O.S.)

What?!

We HEAR a Niagara Falls of pee.

ALYSSA
Shut the door.

COURTNEY
Huh?!

LAILA
(shut the door)
Shut up whore!

COURTNEY
(didn't catch it)
Oh. Sorry--

SLAM goes the bathroom door.

LAILA
"Not to be like whatever"..?

ALYSSA
(to invisible Courtney;
faux intro)
Courtney, Laila. Laila, Courtney.

LAILA
Thinking ahead, huh?

ALYSSA
(points to her brain)
It's bigger than it looks.

Pfft.

LAILA
(calls to Courtney)
No drugs!

COURTNEY (O.S.)
Fuck off! They give me tempo!

Off Laila's head-shake --

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Alyssa, can you come in here
please?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa sits at an assistant's desk - taking selfies.

ALYSSA

Now?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes. Now.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa enters her boss' office: **ROB**, 40s, patient. She doesn't look up from her phone.

ALYSSA

What up, Roberto.

ROB

Close the door, please. Have a seat.

She sits without closing the door. Still on her phone.

ROB (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a stupid question?

ALYSSA

Better than anyone I know.

Off her phone-deep face, we CUT TO --

EXT. LAILA & ALYSSA'S APARTMENT - LATER

LAILA (PRE-LAP)

Why the fuck'd you say that?

INT. LAILA & ALYSSA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Laila stands as Alyssa gulps wine and packs a bong.

ALYSSA

Because he asked.

LAILA

Jeezus, Alyssa. It was a simple question to a simple job. Which now you don't have.

ALYSSA

I'm sick of answering to assholes who don't pay shit.

LAILA
There's gotta be more than you not
being happy there...

ALYSSA
He said something about some
insubordination bullshit.

LAILA
Insubordination?

FLASHBACK - ALYSSA'S CUBICLE

Rob walks by Alyssa's desk on his way into his office. He double-takes, stops and eyes her outfit - too sexy for an office job, much less a street walking one.

ROB
Alyssa...

Regarding her too-sexy outfit and prominent cleavage.

ROB (CONT'D)
We talked about this...

ALYSSA
What?
(re: her outfit)
You catch more flies with honey.

ROB
Are you trying to give these flies
diabetes?

ALYSSA
Huh? No. A boner.

ROB
Oh my-- Seriously, Alyssa, this
isn't "Bungalow," this is work.

ALYSSA
I know. So taboo. HR never has to
know.

She smiles pseudo-seductively, fucking with him.

ROB
HR works here. In that corner.

He points to offices in the corner of the floor. He eye-rolls in exasperation; walks to his office --

ROB (CONT'D)
Can you send me document, please?

Alyssa her watch: **5:01 PM**. Pfft. Stands, grabs her shit.

ALYSSA
After you send me that raise!

She exits. Off Rob's stunned face --

BACK TO PRESENT

LAILA
Yeah, I can see insubordination.
And sexual harassment.

ALYSSA
I know, right. He was totally
trying to Weinstein me.

LAILA
Not him!-- Whatever, it was a job,
Lys!

ALYSSA
I'll find another one.

LAILA
When? It can take months to find a
job.

ALYSSA
I'll be alright.

LAILA
For rent?

ALYSSA
That could be an issue.

Laila sits, pissed. Alyssa rips a bong hit.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
(holding in smoke)
I was looking at some...
(blows it out)
short-term work.

LAILA
Where? Humboldt County?

Alyssa smoke-COUGHs and points at her open laptop. Laila
looks and sees the open web page: "**SEEKING SUGAR.**"

LAILA (CONT'D)
Seriously?

Alyssa eyes Laila's \$20,000 Berkin bag.

ALYSSA
Seriously.

Laila head-shakes.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Works for you.

LAILA
I do it for the networking.

ALYSSA
Pfft. You mean *sexworking*.

LAILA
I have a lucrative full-time job in
pharmaceutical sales--

ALYSSA
Pusher.

LAILA
I don't have to do it.

ALYSSA
America's opioid epidemic would
thank you.

LAILA
Not that-- I don't have to sugar. I
can quit anytime. None of these
guys hold any leverage over me.

ALYSSA
So why do it?

LAILA
If you sugar full-time you don't
have leverage.

ALYSSA
Not an answer.

A stumped beat. Maybe Laila hasn't really examined why?

LAILA
Because it's fun. And interesting.

ALYSSA
Just like me. Where do I sign?

LAILA
And I'm learning to be my own
Master of the Universe from these
Masters of the Universes.

ALYSSA
I'll take notes too. As long as I
don't have to listen to em talk.

LAILA
No.

ALYSSA
Yes!

LAILA
No!

SLAM! goes the front door as Courtney enters with SHOPPING
BAGS from Rodeo Drive boutiques. She YELLS into her phone:

COURTNEY
What do you mean 'cut off'?!
(listens; then)
I didn't "run away to LA," Daddy?!

Laila & Alyssa meets eyes and mouth: "Daddy?" Alyssa makes
the universal dick sucking sign with her hand & cheek.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
(listens; then)
Then I don't want your money!

She hangs up, throws her phone.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Fuck! I need *someone's* money!

Looks at the Girls.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
And wine!

Courtney crashes on the couch, snatching the wine and
chugging it. She sees the open laptop and leans in --

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
"Seeking Sugar?"

Laila slams the laptop shut.

LATER - Courtney paces the room with laptop open, perusing.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
More like "Seeking Prostitution."

LAILA
It's not prostitution.

COURTNEY
Then what is it?

ALYSSA
An arrangement.

COURTNEY
For who..?

Courtney eyes them both.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Which one of you sluts uses this?

ALYSSA
Courtney--

Laila stands up proudly.

LAILA
I do. I'm a Sugar Baby.
(then)
On the side. Part-time. For fun.

COURTNEY
A *sugar baby*?

LAILA
I date men and they buy me stuff.

COURTNEY
Like a whore.

LAILA
No.

COURTNEY
Do they give you cash?

LAILA
Sometimes.

COURTNEY
And do you fuck them?

LAILA
It's not that simple. Or the point--

COURTNEY
Do you fuck them?

LAILA
(fuck yeah I do)
Sometimes.

COURTNEY
So sometimes you're a whore.

ALYSSA
Alright, *Real Roommates of WeHo*,
this isn't gonna work--

LAILA
You fuck college guys, right?

COURTNEY
Not for money.

LAILA
But you fuck them.

COURTNEY
If I want to.

LAILA
For what?

COURTNEY
Sex.

LAILA
Meaning for nothing.

COURTNEY
It's not like--

LAILA
Because you're so innocent? Or is
it the free frat beer you fuck them
for? Or free coke? Or anything else
you don't think a classy young lady
should pay for? Perhaps tuition?

COURTNEY
My dad paid my tuition.

LAILA
My *daddy* paid mine. Same
difference.

COURTNEY

Except I didn't have to fuck mine.

LAILA

Neither did I. Unless I wanted to.

COURTNEY

Or any disgusting old saggy balled blue-hair.

LAILA

And I didn't have to fuck disgusting, slobbering college boys. For free. Beer.

COURTNEY

Ok, not to be like whatever, but the whole thing is still gross.

LAILA

So's dating any fake dipshit deadbeat you meet online. Or in a loud, dirty club. This weeds them out. Instead of trying to have to figure them out. After they've already fucked you, used you or raped you.

COURTNEY

Why can't you do something less weird like strip, webcam or ASMR?

ALYSSA

Eww.

(creepy whisper)

ASMR is not less weird.

LAILA

(creepy whisper)

Not if it's something you're excited about - in 'the culture'.

ALYSSA

(creepy whisper)

Like make-up or reiki.

COURTNEY

(loud)

Ok! I get it!

(then)

I get that I sound like a clueless, basic bitch, but...

(MORE)

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I've had friends who've I suspected did it, but it was always on the DL, so I just judged them. Because I didn't understand.

Big Sis time: Laila pats couch for Courtney to sit.

LAILA

Look...

Laila takes the laptop.

LAILA (CONT'D)

It's a mutually beneficial transactional dating site where women provide companionship to men. Or women. And they return the companionship in kind. Like real life dating.

COURTNEY

What's the key?

LAILA

What do you mean?

COURTNEY

How do you bring yourself to do this?

LAILA

The key is having a humble personality and a hustle mentality.

ALYSSA

I like that. I can do this.

LAILA

You sure? It takes work.

ALYSSA

I love work.

LAILA

And sometimes answering to assholes.

ALYSSA

But do they pay shit?

Laila's silence answers the question.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

It's the shit I can't take.

LAILA
It's not all Berkins and Blahniks,
ladies. It can be bastards and
blowjobs.

COURTNEY
Like real life dating.

Laila half-smiles at her.

ALYSSA
Exactly. Modern dating is one
intermittent dick sucking audition
anyway. May as well get paid for
it.

Laila head-shakes.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Come on, Laila...

COURTNEY
Teach us.

LAILA
You too?

COURTNEY
I'm sick of my dad supporting me.

ALYSSA
You'd prefer a "daddy" supporting
you?

COURTNEY
A hot silver fox? Fuck yeah. As
long as he doesn't have to tuck his
sack in his socks.

They all laugh.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
And I'm sick of sex with guys my
age. They don't know what they're
doing.

ALYSSA
Flopping around on us like a salmon
in a bear claw.

More laughs.

COURTNEY
Show me.

ALYSSA

Us.

Laila thinks about this. She's reluctant.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Laila. I want to explore this. I want to work for myself.

COURTNEY

Me too.

LAILA

You do work for yourself. You're unemployed.

COURTNEY

I just graduated. I need life experience first. This is perfect.

ALYSSA

The perfect exploration.

Laila takes a breath.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Don't say 'no,' Lai - there's no glory in 'no.'

LAILA

Fine. Explore. I'll take you for a spin on the site to start, then we'll go from there.

And we go into Laila showing them "SEEKING SUGAR" website.

They laugh, cringe and sometimes drool at a few handsome faces, fancy cars and hard bodies.

Alyssa creates her profile username: SeekingHumanATM

Courtney snaps sexy selfies of her butt and midriff. Then writes in her profile intro message: "Tu me manques. If you know what this translates to then I am yours."

Laila reads it --

LAILA (CONT'D)

"Tu me manques?" What's that?

COURTNEY

It's French and it translates to "you are missing from me." Instead of "I miss you."

LAILA

That's cute.

ALYSSA

That's gay.

COURTNEY

Suck a dick. They'll appreciate
that I'm an enigma.

ALYSSA

An enigma wrapped in a cleft
asshole.

LAILA

What'd you write, Lys?

Alyssa shows her: "Here, piggy piggy." Laila eye-rolls.

ALYSSA

But there's more...

(reads)

"Let's save time. Hi. I'm fine. I
had a great day. I am unemployed.
I'm from LA. I'm only a bitch when
I'm hungry or bored or feel like
you deserve it. Thanks, you're hot
too. I like brunch, grass, booze,
and cuddly dogs. If you can McGyver
my favs into a first date that
doesn't involve you murdering me,
crying about your wife, or sticking
me with the tab... send a message!
P.S. If you voted for Trump - fuck
off and Make Arrangements Great
Again." Smiley face emoji.

Alyssa smiles proudly, as Laila & Courtney ponder.

LAILA

I like the upbeat ending, but maybe
go with something like: "You bring
the sugar, I'll bring the desert."

ALYSSA

Or: "I know I sound like a handful,
but that's why you have two hands"?
Wink emoji...?

LAILA

Ummm--

COURTNEY
You're wasting your good tits years
with any of that.

ALYSSA
What's your profile say, Lai?

Laila brings up her profile and shows her:

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Femme fatale. Bon vivant.
Debauchee."

A silent, impressed beat. Then Alyssa & Courtney begin
retyping their profiles, inspired.

LATER - Laila wraps up her teachings.

LAILA
And watch out for Salt Daddies.

COURTNEY
What's a Salt Daddy?

LAILA
Men who want your company for free.
Or who are cheap, creepy, scammy or
scummy - like trying to make your
first Meet and Greet at his place
or a hotel room; or trying to
obtain your banking information for
transactions - don't ever give it
out. Cash, PayPal, Venmo or pre-
paid Visa gift cards only for your
spending pleasure. Got it?

They nod yes.

LAILA (CONT'D)
And it should go without saying,
but: NO DRUGS. You do drugs,
Courtney?

COURTNEY
Why? You got any?

Alyssa pussy-slaps her.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Ow! What the fuck?!

ALYSSA

Sorry, are drugs a sensitive issue for you? Because they are for us.

COURTNEY

(rubs her sore spot)

Sorry. I forgot. Ok, no drugs.

LAILA

Good. And as a basic rule, just like in general life: if something seems too good to be true, it probably is.

Alyssa connects with this.

LAILA (CONT'D)

And hopefully, if Sugaring is for you, you'll find someone that you genuinely look forward to seeing, not just the benefits.

Courtney connects with this.

LAILA (CONT'D)

If he becomes an arrogant asshole then ditch him. Because when the cat starts shitting around the house, and the cat shit gets bigger than the cat than get rid of the cat.

COURTNEY

Where do you get all these sayings and psuedo-wisdom?

ALYSSA

Motivational memes.

LAILA

That's another benefit of arrangements with older, experienced, worldly men - if you listen you can learn.

ALYSSA

Like mentors?

LAILA

Exactly. I've been offered jobs.

ALYSSA

I could use a job.

COURTNEY

Me too.

ALYSSA

You have a trust fund.

COURTNEY

Had. Now I'm a 99 percenter. A commoner. A Trump Thumper. Just a Fox News watching fly-over rube like you two.

Beat. Courtney & Alyssa dig in and look at Laila expectantly, awaiting her approval...

LAILA

You're sure?

They nod surely.

LAILA (CONT'D)

And you can keep your pole-holes shut? You tell no one.

Of course. She eyes them for commitment. Then:

LAILA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Sugar Bowl, ladies.

Alyssa & Courtney laugh and twerk each other.

Laila gets a text. Reads it. Hops up --

LAILA (CONT'D)

I gotta get ready.

ALYSSA

Where you going, Magellan?

LAILA

(Duty calls)

Sugar calls.

COURTNEY

Same guy?

LAILA

Nope.

ALYSSA

Do you like him?

LAILA

The best feeling in the world...?

COURTNEY
(loves love)
Really?

LAILA
Is not feeling.

There's their answer. She heads to her room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Laila and **THOMAS** (20s, new-money rich techie geek) kiss in a luxury hotel suite. He's way more into it than her.

THOMAS
I know we've only been dating a few weeks, but I can't stop thinking about you, baby.

She steps back and drops her dress - nude.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Jeez. You are a curvy temple with columns, baby.

LAILA
Thank you, Thomas.

He side-eyes her, waiting for it:

LAILA (CONT'D)
Sorry. I mean "daddy."

He smiles, satisfied. Ew.

She takes control and strips him, then sits him on the bed, pops a condom on and goes down.

LATER

Laila rides Thomas, but she's distracted and eyes the clock. He eyes her, so she goes into ho-mode feigning enjoyment.

THOMAS
Do you like it?

LAILA
Fuck yeah. Oh Thomas--

THOMAS
Daddy.

LAILA

Oh, daddy.

She throws her head back, reaches back and cups his balls to speed him up. He quickly cums. And she quickly hops off.

THOMAS

Can you stay the night?

LAILA

You know it's too soon for sleepovers, daddy.

She cuddles up under his chin - mainly to hide her face during this part of the arrangement: Talking to him.

THOMAS

I want to see you more, Laila.

LAILA

Ok.

THOMAS

Like, a lot more.

LAILA

Ok.

THOMAS

Like, I want you to myself.

LAILA

What do you call this?

THOMAS

I may be a geek riding the spectrum, but I'm not clueless enough to think I'm the only guy in your life.

She doesn't have a response.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I want to see you exclusively.
Like, a girlfriend.

LAILA

You want me to be your girlfriend?

THOMAS

Kinda. Yeah, actually. I just sold my company to Google for \$500 million, so I'm ridiculously rich and about to be ridiculously bored, now that I'm unemployed. But that also means I can be on a permanent vacation for as long as I want.

LAILA

That's awesome, Thomas! I'm so proud of you! You earned a nice long vacation.

THOMAS

But I don't wanna do it alone. Join me. And be with me. We'll see the world together.

Uh oh or awesome?

LAILA

Why me?

THOMAS

I don't know. You're not like other girls. You can...

*(taps his brain; thinks
he's actually
complimenting her)*

Keep up.

LAILA

(Fuck. You.)

Oh. Thanks.

She smiles at his condescension with an Oscar-worthy expression, delaying her answer to the request.

THOMAS

I'll double your allowance.

Wow. Laila gets a text - saved by the bell. She checks it.

LAILA

That sounds so amazing, Thomas, and I'm so flattered, but I have a life here, so can I think about it?

THOMAS

(seriously?; frustrated)

Uhh...

LAILA
(grabs his cock)
My head's still spinning from *this*,
so I'm not even sure if I'm
dreaming this amazing opportunity
to see the world and make love to
you in every corner of the globe.

Oh, she's good. He smiles.

THOMAS
Of course.

She hops up, gets dressed, cheek-pecks him and splits.

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Laila quickly showers - while drinking wine in the shower.

INT. UBER CAR - LATER

Laila sits in the back chugging a bottle of wine.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

The door opens and Laila attacks Jake.

JAKE
You smell like Andy Capp.

LAILA
(still attacking)
Who? Shut up.

She continues her attack.

JAKE
You guys really got after it
tonight, huh?

She rips his pants down and pushes him on the floor.

LAILA
What did I just say?

JAKE
(laughs)
I like drunk Laila.

She hops on him and smothers him with herself.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Laila sleeps soundly with a smile.

JAKE (O.S.)
FUCK!!!

Laila awakes with a start. Throws the covers off, grabs a robe and runs out of the room --

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - JAKE'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jake's on his computer as Laila runs in.

LAILA
Jake?

JAKE
Fuck.

He buries his head in his hands.

LAILA
What's wrong, babe?

JAKE
Fuck!!

LAILA
Jake, baby, you're scaring me.

JAKE
I just lost everything.

LAILA
What do you mean?

JAKE
My money! Fucking crypto! I'm fucked!

LAILA
What-- how?

JAKE
I doubt you'd understand, Laila. If that's even your real name.

Ouch.

LAILA
Jake...

JAKE

Here...

Jake breaks out his check book and scribbles off a check for \$5,000 and hands it to her.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fill in your real name and split.

LAILA

Why?

JAKE

Because I can't afford you anymore!
I can't afford anything anymore!

LAILA

You don't have to pay me--

JAKE

Why?! Because your other sugar
daddies will cover your loss with
me?!

LAILA

I don't want anyone el--

JAKE

Get the fuck out!

Laila starts shivering and crying. She moves to console him, but he leaps up, grabs his jacket, storms out, stops, but doesn't turn around --

JAKE (CONT'D)

You are amazing.

Jake leaves his house. Leaving Laila to crumble.

LAILA

(sotto)

You are.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Laila walks down the street in heartbreak. Nothing confident or happy about this strut.

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - LATER

Laila quietly enters, dreading human contact. She tip-toes to her room, when suddenly - she's tackled by Alyssa.

LAILA

Ahh!

ALYSSA

Hey, whore!

They fall on the floor. Alyssa excitedly kisses/wrestles her.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You're a genius! It worked! Some fuck-face wants to pay me \$3,000 a month to see him once a week!

Courtney piles on --

COURTNEY

I was offered \$4,000!

ALYSSA

Bullshit.

COURTNEY

What? I'm white.

ALYSSA

I'm Argentine!

COURTNEY

Don't hate the player.

ALYSSA

Which means I'm basically German!
Which means I'm so white I'm silver!

COURTNEY

Then it's because you're old.

ALYSSA

I'm 2 years older than you!

COURTNEY

Which means your rail-roaded vagina probably looks like a catchers mitt holding a lasagna.

LAILA

Congrats on your opening offers.

COURTNEY

But we need a boot camp first! What do we say to them?!

ALYSSA
What do we wear?!

COURTNEY
Where do we meet?!

ALYSSA
Where does he Number 3?!

LAILA
That bulls-eye tramp stamp of yours
after he pounds your buttohole.

ALYSSA
He can nut wherever he wants for 3
large a month. Fuck, I'll be his
Angry Dragon for that.

(*"Angry Dragon"* you ask? PornHub it. NSFW)

More laughs and wrestling.

LAILA
Alright! Get off me!

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Laila sits in a chair addressing them on the couch, but she's
down and not nearly as entrepreneurial as before.

LAILA
Sugaring, just like traditional
relationships, is simply a bond
between two individuals that
provides love and compassion a
person needs for their emotional
and physical wellbeing.

COURTNEY
Is that why you date so many men?

LAILA
I'm not dating "so many men,"
Courtney. I'm dating two men. But
I'm dating myself first. I have all
the power.

COURTNEY
"Dating yourself first?"

LAILA

That's right. Look, when you're dating yourself first you begin to attract the right kind of relationship into your life.

Alyssa eye-rolls. Laila goes dark and angry now --

LAILA (CONT'D)

You learn the power of saying "no," and not being taken advantage of. I have complete autonomy and freedom in this lifestyle.

Courtney & Alyssa lean in on the pitch, but a little scared.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Prioritize yourself and wait for someone who fulfills your wants and needs. Overall, remember to first love yourself, love your body, and never settle for less than you're worth and what you deserve.

Courtney & Alyssa are hooked. Laila might very well be the best salesperson in her drug-pushing company.

LAILA (CONT'D)

Good. Let's get technical. First the foundation: Crafting Your Sugar Persona. The best lies are the ones that deviate least from the truth.

ALYSSA

Spoken like a true liar for hire.

LAILA

Die with the lie.

COURTNEY

Lie like the wind.

ALYSSA

(ala George Costanza)

It's not a lie.. If you believe it.

Laila smiles conspiratorially at them: Let's get to work.

LAILA

Step 1: Figure out who you are -
Write a list of your positive and negative personal descriptors, including bad habits and virtues. What makes you YOU?

BEGIN "MEET & GREET/DATING" (M&G) MONTAGE:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Alyssa has lunch with a **P.O.T. NICE GUY**. (NOTE: A P.O.T. is a "POTENTIAL" Sugar Daddy.)

POT NICE GUY

What about you? I want to know more...

ALYSSA

I love conspiracy theories and expensive champagne. I've watched over 2000 hours of funny animal videos on YouTube and have nothing to show for it.

He politely nods, trying to understand.

BACK ON THE GIRLS:

LAILA

Step 2: Meet your alter ego - become the You that would be a universally loved protagonist on a network TV show.

Courtney jumps up, presenting herself --

COURTNEY

Tada!

ALYSSA

(nope)

TaNaaah!

LAILA

Find your inner "MARY SUE" i.e., a character that is so idealized and perfect that they just aren't believable as human...

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM

Courtney & Alyssa apply make-up while draped in their bath towels, discreetly sizing each other up in the MIRROR.

LAILA (O.S.)

The point of crafting a persona isn't to seem perfect - your flaws are important and humanizing.

Alyssa drops her towel revealing big, perky, perfect breasts.

COURTNEY
Jesus. Your nipples...

Alyssa smiles proudly.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
They're like baby toes.

Still smiling, she rips Courtney's towel off revealing perky & perfect, albeit smaller, breasts.

Alyssa arches her back flaunting her bosom, as Courtney hunches, covers up and flicks her off in the mirror.

BACK ON THE GIRLS:

LAILA
Step 3: Customize - personas are most useful when they're tailor made to fit the needs of the audience. So when deciding how to present yourself to a P.O.T.--

COURTNEY
What's a "P.O.T.?"

LAILA
"Potential." Potential Sugar Daddy.

ALYSSA
Duh.

COURTNEY
You're duh.

LAILA
Children, attention. They usually look like this...

3 profile pics of less than average looking middle-aged men.

LAILA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And they come in 3 models, which are nearly impossible to distinguish: the Innovator, the Imitator and the Idiot.

3 more snap shots of different men. All less than impressive.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Courtney approaches a **POT OLDER GOOFY MAN**.

LAILA (O.S.)
Consider the needs he may have but
doesn't seem comfortable sharing
yet.

POT OLDER GOOFY MAN watches MIDGET PORN on his phone, but
pockets it when he sees Courtney approaching...

LAILA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They're just as shy and nervous as
you.

He stands to greet her and spills his coffee, making a mess.

LAILA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But expect some to bring the
creepy.

ON: Alyssa 2 tables away, meeting her **POT RICHARD/DICK**:

POT DICK
Hi, I'm Richard.
(creepy smile)
Which is long for "Dick."

Huh? Shakes it off.

ALYSSA
So... should I call you Richard or
Dick?

POT DICK
Dick's fine.

ALYSSA
Then, nice to meet you, Dick.

POT DICK
All 9 inches - ready to meet you.

Eww.

ON: Courtney with POT OLDER GOOFY MAN.

POT GOOFY
Would you like another coffee?

COURTNEY
No thank you.

POT GOOFY

Then how about we go back to my place for a '71'?

COURTNEY

What's a '71'?

POT GOOFY

It's '69' with two fingers in your ass, but lucky for you I got a ten inch tongue and can breath through my ears.

He smiles big and gross. She gasps.

COURTNEY

Oh hell no.

POT GOOFY

Very well. It was nice to meet you, Carrie. Let's fuck sometime.

What? Eww. As he slinks away --

COURTNEY

It's Court-- whatever.

ON: Alyssa SLAPS POT Dick as he tries to touch her.

LAILA (O.S.)

A wise woman puts a grain of sugar into everything she says to a man.

ON: Courtney...

COURTNEY

No way you're only 50, Dan!

And her date **POT DAN-OSAUR**, 50 going on 500.

POT DAN-OSAUR

You have a dirty mind don't you? Please tell me you do...

COURTNEY

I don't have a dirty mind. I have a sexy imagination.

She smiles seductively.

LAILA (O.S.)

And takes a grain of salt into everything he says to her.

ON: Alyssa and her M&G with **POT UGLY GUY:**

POT UGLY GUY
You're so sexy. Do you do pilates?

ALYSSA
No. Why, do you?

POT UGLY GUY
No.
(gross smile)
I watch.

Eww.

LAILA (O.S.)
Life is sweetest when you learn to
take no grains of salt, Sugar
Sisters... or Splenda.

POT UGLY GUY
So, now that you know my first
impression of you, what's your
first impression of me?

ALYSSA
Your face looks like a box of
frogs.

Alyssa stands and stomps over to Courtney's table, grabs her
hand and drags her away from her uncomfortable date.

Courtney makes the "call me" sign to her POT as Alyssa gives
him the "eat me" sign, flicking her tongue thru her fingers.

LAILA (O.S.)
Variations on your persona should
be different shades, not entirely
new colors.

SHOTS OF COURTNEY & ALYSSA in DIFFERENT WIGS & WILD CLOTHES.

LAILA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Instead of trying to be someone
else, strive to be the best version
of you, while leaving the personal
details for down the road...

END M&G MONTAGE

BACK TO THE GIRLS' APARTMENT:

LAILA (CONT'D)
Courtney, that means keeping your
trust fund in the vault.

COURTNEY
Thanks, dad.

LAILA
Alyssa, that means you keep...
doing whatever the fuck you want.

ALYSSA
No shit.

LAILA
And whatever you do, do not hook up
with them on your first M&G. That
means don't be alone with them
until you trust them. They're
strangers until they're not. And
even then you may never really know
who these guys really are. Trust
your instincts, because when it
comes down to it that's all you
got. Got it?

They nod.

LAILA (CONT'D)
Alright. Let's sugar, babies.

PRE-LAP: Hip club music...

EXT. 5 STAR HOTEL - NIGHT

LAILA (O.S.)
And live by this maxim: To be truly
spoiled is to seek beyond the
mundane.

A BELL HOP opens the door to a chauffeured Mercedes and
Courtney steps out of the back seat, looks up and smiles big
at the glitz and glamour of the gorgeous hotel.

Simultaneously, another BELL HOP opens the door to a
chauffeured Bentley and Alyssa steps out. Same big smile at
the sight of the same hotel.

They look incredible, as they share a wink and strut in to
meet their men. All eyes on the two stunners.

INT. 5 STAR HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Hip decor. A DJ spins in the lobby, as pretty people mingle.

POT FLYNN, 45, silver fox in a suit, approaches Courtney and extends his hand to shake.

POT FLYNN
Wow. I'm speechless.

COURTNEY
I'm Courtney.

POT FLYNN
Flynn.

She's smitten. So is he.

ON: Alyssa looks around awkwardly, unsure what to do or where to go. She checks her phone.

POT DAMIEN (O.S.)
Alyssa?

She turns to find a GORGEOUS BLACK MAN - **POT DAMIEN** - 40, 6'4", built like an NFL'er sporting the expensive clothes and wrist watch to match the salary.

ALYSSA
Damon?

POT DAMIEN
Damien.

ALYSSA
(wow)
Daammnn-ien.
(embarrassed; in love)
Yes-- sorry. Damien. I knew that.
Sorry.

POT DAMIEN
(killer smile)
It's cool. You're beautiful.

ALYSSA
Yes-- I mean-- so are you--
handsome.

He laughs.

POT DAMIEN
Drink..?

She nods with too much enthusiasm.

As they walk to the bar, Alyssa makes eyes with Courtney across the lobby, who's sharing the same lust, proven by both of them making the "eat me" gesture to each other.

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laila folds laundry. Her phone rings, checks it: THOMAS THE RICH GEEK. She ignores it.

INT. 5 STAR HOTEL - RESTAURANT - LATER

Alyssa and POT Damien have moved on to dinner in a cozy corner. She's on the drunk side of tipsy; relaxed.

Alyssa slams her drink as another is delivered.

ALYSSA
(re: new drink)
Uh oh, zombie time.

He laughs.

POT DAMIEN
So, Alyssa, what do you want to be
when you grow up?

ALYSSA
I wanna be a middle finger to
mortality.

He head-tilts in confusion.

POT DAMIEN
And how do you do that?

ALYSSA
First I become a country music
outlaw or hip Japanese teenager,
then I become an NFL punter or a
dirty cop.

He laughs.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Don't laugh. Those are smart career
choices. I don't know much about
football but I know a punter isn't
banging heads all game, so I assume
they can probably play longer than
the positions that do.

POT DAMIEN
Definitely longer than I did.

ALYSSA
You played pro football?

Sexy.

POT DAMIEN
Not very long...

Still sexy.

POT DAMIEN (CONT'D)
But long enough to set myself up.

ALYSSA
To be rich.

POT DAMIEN
(chuckles)
To be comfortable.

The look he gives her is *"But yes, I'm rich."* The look she gives him is *"Yes, I'm yours."*

POT DAMIEN (CONT'D)
So why dirty cop?

ALYSSA
Because they're the best crooks.

He laughs. Which makes her feel even more comfortable. The rich/pro athlete thing doesn't hurt either.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
And they can carry handcuffs.

Off their lusty chemistry --

ON: COURTNEY & POT FLYNN in the opposite corner of the hotel restaurant. POT Flynn tells a story --

POT FLYNN
... so when Senora Lewis asked me what I wanted my 8th grade Spanish class name to be I said "Dios."

Courtney laughs.

POT FLYNN (CONT'D)
She had the same reaction. Then she said you can't be "Dios," Flynn, but you can be "Jesus" (*hey-sus*).
(MORE)

POT FLYNN (CONT'D)
And I said, "Hey-sus? Who the hell
is 'hey-sus'?"

She laughs harder.

POT FLYNN (CONT'D)
Hey, you cool if I...

He leans in...

COURTNEY
What?

A kiss? Nope. He pulls out a vial of COCAINE. She looks at
it, nervously.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Right here?

He looks around.

POT FLYNN
We're alone. Mind..?

She looks around. Unsure. Then --

COURTNEY
Not if you share...

He smiles.

POT FLYNN
I have a better idea.

ON: ALYSSA & POT DAMIEN

POT DAMIEN
I would love to see you again,
Alyssa.

ALYSSA
Great. I'm free tomorrow morning.

He laughs.

POT DAMIEN
No. Or-- I mean, hell yes.

She laughs.

POT DAMIEN (CONT'D)
But...
(sincere)
At your speed.

Good answer. He leans in and kisses her softly. She returns it - harder. Full make-out. Then something catches her attention over his shoulder --

Courtney & POT Flynn walking hand in hand out of the restaurant to the elevators.

ALYSSA
Oh, utter fuck no.

POT DAMIEN
Utter what?

ALYSSA
Hold on, Damien.

Alyssa scoots out of the booth and scurries after Courtney...

AT THE ELEVATORS

Alyssa arrives just as the elevator door closes.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)
Shit.

She gets on her phone and dials. It rings. And goes straight to voicemail:

COURTNEY (VOICEMAIL)
This is Courtney. Leave a message.

ALYSSA
Hey, what the fuck are you doing? I just saw you go up the elevator. Don't go to his room, you know the rules. Call me! Or come back down.

Hangs up. Then dials again.

INT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laila scrolls SEEKING SUGAR profiles on her laptop. Then closes the window and claps her laptop closed. Picks up her phone and scrolls thru pictures of her and Jake.

She receives a text from THOMAS: "Hey! Can you talk? I have a surprise for you!"

She ignores it and closes her phone. Then it rings: Alyssa --

INTERCUT:

LAILA
Hey. How's it going?

ALYSSA
Great for me, not so sure about Court.

LAILA
Why? What's up?

ALYSSA
She just went up the elevator with him.

LAILA
To his room?!

ALYSSA
I guess!

LAILA
I'm coming right now. Stay there and try to get the room number, but don't go up there until I get there.

Laila hangs up, then dials a number.

JAKE (O.S.)
Laila, I'm sorry but--

LAILA
Shut up, Jake. I need your help.

INT. 5 STAR HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Alyssa approaches the front desk.

POT DAMIEN (O.S.)
Alyssa..?

She turns to POT Damien. Shit.

POT DAMIEN (CONT'D)
You ok?

ALYSSA
Yeah, all good. Umm, can we call it a night, and try again tomorrow?

POT DAMIEN
Uhh, alright-- are you sure you're ok?

ALYSSA
Totally. I just have to help a
friend out.

He eyes her for a beat.

POT DAMIEN
Oh. Ok. A friend. Right, I get it.
Take care.

He heads for the exit. She steps for him --

ALYSSA
No. Damien.

He turns.

POT DAMIEN
Look, you're great, but I didn't
pursue this for the drama.

ALYSSA
Me neither. No drama. I hate drama.
The only drama I like is in my
lashes.

POT DAMIEN
There are other sugar-fish in the
sea, sweetie.

He walks away.

ALYSSA
Yeah-- well... I'm a mermaid!
(then sad sotto)
Daamn-ien...

HOTEL MANAGER approaches.

HOTEL MANAGER
May I help you, miss?

INT. 5 STAR HOTEL - LATER

Laila and Jake rush into the lobby to meet Alyssa.

ALYSSA
They won't give me the room number.

Jake splits off to the front desk and pulls the HOTEL MANAGER
aside, briefs him. Then returns.

JAKE

606.

ALYSSA

(aside to Laila)

He's good. And hot. Turning my
thighs into slip n'slides.

Laila eye-rolls. They all split for the elevator.

INT. 5 STAR HOTEL - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Jake BANGS on the door. POT Flynn opens it and Jake pushes
him back so Laila & Alyssa can get in.

POT FLYNN

Yo--!

JAKE

Easy, superguy.

LAILA

Where is she?

Laila sees WHITE POWDER lined up on the table.

ALYSSA

Tell us, motherfucker!!

POT FLYNN

Relax.

He points to the bathroom.

POT FLYNN (CONT'D)

She's been in there for 20 minutes
and won't come out.

ALYSSA

She's ODing.

The Girls try the door, but it's locked.

LAILA/ALYSSA

Courtney!/Open the door, honey!

JAKE

Stand back...

Jake kicks the door in! To find... Courtney slumped on the
toilet with her panties around her ankles.

LAILA/ALYSSA
Are you ok? Wake up! Medic!

COURTNEY
What the fuck!! Close the door!

Courtney unleashes a huge FART - followed by a gush of diarrhea.

LAILA/ALYSSA/JAKE/POT FLYNN
Ugh!/Jesus!/Close the door!

LAILA
What's wrong with you?

COURTNEY
I got the shits from that shitty cocaine that gave me the shits! Can I get some privacy!?

FART-SHIT noise.

ALYSSA
If you give us a courtesy flush.

COURTNEY
Out!

SHIT-FART.

The Girls move out covering their noses/faces. Door closes.

FEW MINUTES LATER - Toilet FLUSHES. Courtney gingerly exits.

ALYSSA
Really brings out the best in you, huh?

COURTNEY
Die, bitch.

She flops on the bed in exhaustion.

POT FLYNN
Sorry about that, Courtney.

COURTNEY
Dude, that was straight baby laxative. Who's your dealer? Johnson & Johnson?

POT FLYNN
I've never bought cocaine, so I didn't know.

ALYSSA
Where'd you buy it?

POT FLYNN
Craigslist.

ALL
Pfft./Dummy/Why?

POT FLYNN
I didn't know.

COURTNEY
Turn your brain on next time, and
buy it in person so you can sample
it. You can get someone killed.

Jake dips a finger in the WHITE POWDER on the table, tastes
it and spits it out.

JAKE
Not even close.

POT FLYNN
My bad. I thought you girls liked
it.

LAILA/ALYSSA/COURTNEY
You girls?!

POT FLYNN
What? I thought all hookers liked
coke.

JAKE
(moves away from him)
You're on your own, pal.

ALYSSA
(fists up; over the top)
Squad up, bitch! You want your 13
seconds, *sureno*?! I can be hell
fire or holy water, motherfucker!
Which you want?!!

Laila restrains Alyssa, and paces closer to POT Flynn.

LAILA
Listen, dipshit, we're not hookers.
It's a mutually beneficial
relationship. We're companions for
a price.

POT FLYNN
Like hookers.

JAKE
Hey!
(Flynn flinches)
I will let them go all
Koyaanisqatsi on your ass.

POT Flynn shrugs: *What'd I say?*

COURTNEY
God, I hate your generation. Grow
up.

POT FLYNN
Sorry.

LAILA
So what category does he fall into,
ladies? Innovator, Imitator or
Idiot?

ALYSSA/COURTNEY/JAKE
Idiot.

POT FLYNN
Look, I'm sorry.

COURTNEY
Yes you are.

Laila turns on Courtney --

LAILA
Hey. You're in the same idiot-boat
as him, Courtney. I thought you
didn't do drugs.

COURTNEY
Not in public.

ALYSSA
(re her white ringed
nostril)
Not funny, Nostril-damus.

Laila turns on Alyssa now --

LAILA
And you? What did I tell you?

ALYSSA
Don't be mundane.

COURTNEY
Don't be alone with POTs on the
first date.

JAKE/POT FLYNN
POT?

LAILA
(ignores the men)
Not until you trust them.

JAKE
Pfft.

LAILA
(to Jake)
Shut up. You were the exception.

A beat to let the lecture sink in.

ALYSSA
Can we split this shit-hole now?
I'd like to return to my regularly
scheduled depression, self-loathing
and marijuana.

COURTNEY
Yeah, not to be like whatever, but
I can't take this shit anymore.

ALYSSA
Because you're so full of it.

The Girls chuckle; even Laila, despite herself. Courtney
struggles off the bed.

JAKE
I'll drive you shit-heads home.

They help Courtney walk out.

POT FLYNN
I'm really sorry, Courtney.

COURTNEY
It's ok. Let's fuck sometime.

Alyssa reprimands her with an ASS SLAP, as the Girls exit.

EXT. THE GIRLS' APARTMENT - LATER

Jake drops them off in his Mercedes AMG. Courtney & Alyssa
get out, but before closing the door, Alyssa peaks back in --

ALYSSA

(to Jake)

Nice ride, cool-breeze. If you two don't work out just know that I'm six months younger than half-*haji* here, my perky double-Ds are real with the standing cleavage to match, and I got a wink like a bear trap.

LAILA

Beat it, hooker.

She chuckles, pets Laila's hair and shuts the door.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Laila & Jake sit in silence. Fuck it:

LAILA

Well. Take care.

Laila opens the door, but Jake gently holds her back.

JAKE

Hold on, babe. I'm really sorry about my outburst. You don't deserve that.

LAILA

It's fine. I know what this is. What I am to you.

JAKE

No, you don't.

He cups her face and kisses her. She accepts it. Passion.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Spend the night with me. I want you, Laila. I want you to be mine.

She pulls away --

LAILA

Mine? Like a possession.

JAKE

No. Be with me. Only me. Only you. A real relationship.

She takes him in - crumbling.

JAKE (CONT'D)
With lots of "and" of course.

She smiles and kisses him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Let's start tonight.

LAILA
Tomorrow, Jake. I have to be with
the girls tonight.

JAKE
I understand. Tomorrow then.

LAILA
Tomorrow.

JAKE
We'll take my jet to Paris for the
weekend. Turns out crypto is pretty
erratic and goes up and down, so...
I'm still rich.

She flashes a "*Hell yes, a jet plane to Paris*"-kinda smile.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You can count on me, Laila. I hope
I proved that tonight.

LAILA
I know. And thank you.
(then)
Daddy.

JAKE
(chuckles)
Dick.

She smiles, kisses him and touches his face as parting.

LAILA (V.O.)
And like I told you - at the start
of all this...

Laila gets out and walks to her door. Jake eyes every step.
She turns, smiles and blows him a kiss.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Laila gazes out the window, flying over the beautifully lit
up city below. The moon in full bloom.

LAILA (V.O.)
*"In revenge and in love, woman is
more barbarous than man..."*

She's handed a champagne glass...

THOMAS (O.S.)
Cheers.

She musters a smile and clinks his glass.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Now was that so hard?

LAILA
What?

THOMAS
This.

LAILA
Oh. No. It's lovely.

THOMAS
You are.

Oh fuck no. Laila looks away, remembering Jake, hiding her panic and heartbreak, and questioning her decision.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
And it will get lovelier.
(then)
Just do what I say, when I say and
you get your way.

Off Laila: *Oh no, who is this guy and what have I done?!*

LAILA (V.O.)
As long as we don't let our
ambitions become delusions.

END OF PILOT